THE
NATION

JUNE 7, 1958 . . 25c

A Scientist's View:

ON KEEPING UP WITH the RUSSIANS

by Donald J. Hughes

Drift to Fantasy:

DISNEYLAND And LAS VEGAS

by Julian Halevy

THE CHINA BOYCOTT HOAX

by Malcolm W. Boyd

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LETTERS

Warning to Massu

Dear Sirs: The seditious generals have seized power in Algeria. They have done it with disdain for all constitutional rights and all human dignity. For this coup, they made use of paratroops that Brigadier General Massu commands. Since the Indo-Chinese War, these troops have acquired the worst possible reputation, matched only by the reputation of certain bitterly remembered Nazi troops.

The dissident generals use the paratroops like a Praetorian guard. General Massu's battalions are in charge of arrests and the administration of the third degree—a torture process the like of which is unheard of in civilized nations. They are also in charge of the prisons.

And this is the main point that deserves immediate attention.

The general's seizure of power has destroyed all the tottering judicial apparatus which was the last doubtful hope of the scores of men and women now in Algerian jails. We know that the generals ordered their troops, and permitted mobs, to sack the palace of the General Government; we have every reason to fear that this sacking has led to the disappearance of the files of all people held in prison.

We have the right to ask ourselves whether or not this was all part of a premeditated plan: first, to destroy all traces of the prisoners, and then to liquidate them when the chance arises.

The tragic cases of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, Professor Mandouze, Doctor Cheriff Zahar, Henri Alleg and many others serve as warnings which world opinion cannot ignore. Shall we abandon defenseless men and women to these soldiers of fortune? There is no point in discussing now whether these people are rightfully or wrongfully detained. There is only the extreme urgency of preventing these people from being delivered to the sanguinary madness of the extremist civilian and military authorities in Algeria.

If certain sections of world public opinion have been puzzled by the spectacle of Moslems in Algiers shouting *"Vive de Gaulle"* and singing the "Marseillaise," an analogy comes readily to mind: the Ku Klux Klan taking over in the South and the Negro population acclaiming the Klansmen as liberators. Such a demonstration could only be construed as an act of self-defense, prompted by the fear of those in power.

Because of these facts, we must consider Massu responsible for the lives of the Moslems and Europeans who are today in Algeria. Honest men of good will must warn him that he will pay for all atrocities.

JACQUES R. SAVIGNY

New York City

A Class of Apologists

Dear Sirs: "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" in your issue of May 17 develops into nothing more than four students apologizing for their silence, their mental conformity and their state of tranquillity. Why do they apologize? What function do these apologetics play? Had these seniors attempted to get an education during the past four years they would not be writing such confused and defensive gibberish! Instead of apologizing for their college years, why didn't they do something about the firing of that pacifist professor who had been outspoken in urging the cessation of nuclear testing by all nations? Why didn't they make an effort to oust from the American campus the military oriented ROTC, NROTC or AFROTC programs? Instead of apologizing, why didn't they incite some opposition to the hundred and one varieties of loyalty oaths they will be signing when they go to work after graduation?

Two of the seniors contend that they have not been silent. But the point is that they have not been silent somewhat like the Sophists of first-century Rome were not silent. They talked and orated quite enough, but only on fictional topics, always very careful to avoid real issues such as government restrictions and policies.

Stop apologizing, Senior '58, and start asserting yourself: you have nothing to lose but your sports car and your draft deferment.

HAIG BOSMAJIAN

Menlo Park, Calif.

"Put Money in My Purse"

Dear Sirs: We are now engaged in a campaign to determine whether a public theatre dedicated to the principle of free admissions can long endure. For the past three years, the New York Shakespeare Festival has presented the plays of Shakespeare without charge. The critical and public response has been magnificent.

Though most of the financing has come through grants and audience donations, a public theatre of necessity must be based on support from the city. We have advanced to Mayor Wagner the principle of matching funds where the city and the community share equally. The public library functions in a similar way.

This summer we are scheduled to open in Central Park on July 2 with a production of *Othello*. At this writing we have raised $15,000—enough to operate for about two weeks. Since the city administration has not yet come around to thinking that it should share in the responsibility of operating costs, we find it necessary to turn to the public for help. I appeal to the readers of *The Nation* and their friends to contribute to the New York Shakespeare Festival. All donations are tax deductible.

JOSEPH PAPP

Producer, N.Y. Shakespeare Festival
1230 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 29, N.Y.

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George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 23

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Beat the Drums Slowly

Believers in democracy, in any of its variant forms, must view the events in France with the most profound misgivings. For all the weaknesses of the Fourth Republic, never more clearly revealed than in the confusion of the past two weeks, its demise could be a defeat which bears more resemblances than differences to the disintegration of the Weimar Republic a quarter of a century ago. The consequences may not be as catastrophic, but the thought cannot be dismissed: if democracy cannot survive in France, is it safe anywhere?

De Gaulle is no Hitler. He is no Boulanger. But he is no Clemençeau, either—the young Clemançeau who was a Dreyfusard, an anti-militarist and a fighting republican. The fact is that a republican government of a sort has been set aside by the army, that a revolution, however camouflaged, seemed at this writing on the verge of triumph—and it is a revolution from the Right. The reality behind the façade is military dictatorship. And if need be it will be a bloody dictatorship.

De Gaulle is said to intend to assume power for only a limited period. If so, who will come after him? The strong-man medicine tends to become habit-forming, with larger and larger doses required at each stage.

Nor would the accession of the military mystic, whose past success in the art of government has been less than impressive, go to the heart of the matter. The immediate factor that brought on the present crisis is, of course, the Algerian War. It could bring down de Gaulle in his turn. He has disclosed no solution and in all probability has none to disclose. Jacques Soustelle says, "Let each of us be French like all the rest, with the same rights and duties." But it would be a miracle, at this late date, if the Algerian leaders should accept "integration" in lieu of independence, although it has always been possible that France might maintain close ties with a North African federation which would include Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. When the devil is sick, the devil a saint would be; in a moment of crisis the Army and the *colons* embrace the startled Moslems, but will their emotion survive the dancing in the streets? And how long can the Moslems—"docile but hardly enthusiastic"—put up with this dubious ardor?

It may turn out to be one of the major ironies of the postwar period that the patriot who did so much to defeat the gravediggers of French democracy in World War II should open the door to their successors.

Eighteen Million Unemployed

When is a man employed? By any sane economic and ethical standard, when he is performing services or producing goods which benefit society. By that criterion we shall have eighteen million unemployed by June.

According to the latest figures, 5.1 million were officially unemployed in April. According to the Secretary of Labor, a 20 per cent rise in unemployment is normal between April and June. If this pattern is followed, we shall have six million acknowledged unemployed by the middle of the year.

But three million men are in uniform. However exemplary their services, from an economic standpoint they are producing nothing unless it be insecurity, for in the present state of technology the best that any military force can claim is that it is keeping a balance of terror. The same holds for the nine million or more civilians now engaged in production for the military.

6+3+9=18. Of course, one can argue that since twelve million of these receive wages, they are gainfully employed and things are not as bad as here set forth. One can also argue that stones are bread. The fact that men and communities beg for military business to alleviate the only form of unemployment they recognize only shows how our values have been distorted and how supinely we accept the distortion.

Murphy's Law

On May 22, a Nike Ajax missile accidentally exploded, detonating seven others and killing ten persons. The Army hastened to reassure residents of nearby Middletown, N.J., that the blast had not been a nuclear one; fortunately the 526th A.A.A. Missile Battalion, on whose grounds the explosion occurred, had not yet been "accommodated" with the more advanced Hercules

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missile with its atomic warhead. On March 11, an aircraft accidentally dropped an atom bomb on a farm near Florence, S.C. At that time, too, the Air Force was quick to announce, "It wasn't loaded." The civilian masses must begin to wonder how close the military game of "mass destruction" parallels the play of small boys with firearms whose fatal accidents always occur from guns that "weren't loaded."

The Strategic Air Command proudly boasts that one-third of its planes are "runway alert" at all times and another portion is constantly aloft to insure that we won't be caught, as at Pearl Harbor, "with our planes down." And General Thomas S. Power assures us: "They are not carrying swords or bows and arows." Each day the sword of Damocles hangs lower as we continue building launching sites and missile ships geared to "instant retaliation."

We must awaken to the immediate peril of accidental destruction at the hands of our own defenses. There is an old military maxim known as Murphy's Law which asserts that wherever there is a bolt to be turned, someday there will be someone to turn it the wrong way. As men will err, and as we cannot expect each soldier, sailor and airman to be superhuman, we must take the machine from their hands. Or one day Murphy's Law will be applied and the nightmare of Vincent Meyers will become reality. Mr. Meyers, who lives on Sleepy Hollow Road in Middletown near the Nike base, said, "I thought the whole world was going up."

The Rewards of Neutrality

The second thoughts of Mr. Dulles are frequently better than his first, which, to be sure, is faint praise. In the case of the Indonesian rebellion, however, the Secretary seems to have steered a prudent course. Possibly, in the later stages, he was influenced by the anti-American feeling which burst about the head of Vice President and Mrs. Nixon in South America. Whoever and whatever we owe it to, in the Indonesian situation our diplomatic performance has been above our recent average.

At first, Mr. Dulles made no secret of his sympathy with the rebels who, being anti-Communist, appealed to his lifelong predilections. Even so, he was temperate in his remarks. He did not crack down on Syngman Rhee and the Chinese Nationalists when they announced their intention to intervene on the side of the rebels, but there is nothing to indicate that the American pilots who flew missions against the Jakarta Government did so with State Department sanction. (They probably knew the State Department would have no violent objection.)

When an American pilot flying a B-26 was shot down while attacking an Indonesian Government flotilla on May 18, Mr. Dulles' prudence was rewarded. A few days later, without embarrassment, he was able to announce some small concessions to the Jakarta regime, including approval of the sale of about $15,000 worth of small arms and almost $1 million of automotive and civil-aircraft spare parts. For his part, President Sukarno appears to have cooled in his affection for the Indonesian Communists. The general tendency in this area appears to be away from heavy-handed diplomacy—perhaps a good pattern to follow elsewhere.

Alaska and the West

As we go to press, it would seem that statehood for Alaska has a better than even chance of winning approval in the Senate after approval by the House. Stateside, the public in general has long favored statehood, but the sentiment has been too diffuse to be effective. However, recent political developments seem to have provided the dynamic that has been lacking. Both parties, of course, are on record in favor; nevertheless, the parties' Congressional leaders have been reluctant to disturb the balance of Congressional "blocs" which are the source of their power. In particular, the Southern bloc is in opposition, since it fears that the admission of Alaska, and later Hawaii, would dilute its strength. But the South has lost much of its power of maneuver; since it cannot support the Republicans, it cannot threaten the Democrats. This development, of course, has enhanced the importance of the West in the eyes of both parties. And in the West, statehood for Alaska is a popular issue, for it would add to its own Congressional strength while diluting that of the South. It is not surprising, therefore, that Secretary of the Interior Fred S. Seaton, who has the support of the President and Mr. Nixon if not that of Messrs. Martin, Halleck and Arends, is pushing hard for statehood, or that Senator Frank Church, who is leading the fight for the Democrats, should speak with a new confidence on the issue when addressing the Dixiecrats. For the first time in years, a combination is shaping up which can win for Alaska its long-sought statehood.

The Diplomacy of Friendship

It is only within the last few months, certainly within the last year, that we have realized what a hole has been breached in the Iron Curtain. The broad-faced, beaming countenances of Russian visitors greet us almost daily from our morning papers and it has been some time now since recently returned explorers of Moscow or the Black Sea resorts have been a great novelty with us. The exchange has not yet risen to a flood, but it is much too great to be called a trickle, and it is very likely to grow.

The United States has recently taken a sensible step toward increasing this intercourse. At present, a third of the USSR is closed to foreign eyes, and in America

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we have closed an equivalent area to Russians. Almost a year ago, the State Department suggested that both countries remove these restrictions. The Russians have not replied and now, with a patience too rare in American diplomacy, we have submitted a second proposal, urging that at least some equivalent areas be opened. We offer the Russians a geographical menu to pick from: Novosibirsk and Los Angeles, Omsk and Seattle, Tomsk and Louisville; the road from Moscow to Smolensk in exchange for a direct route from Baltimore to Niagara Falls; Taimyr National Okrug in exchange for North and South Dakota, and so on down a long column of very small type. Russia will not open up everything (secrecy and fear of Western superiority is older in Russia than the Soviet state), but it can scarcely fail to open up something.

In this enterprise we are practicing diplomacy of the highest importance. All reciprocal action between the USSR and the West is valuable, and any move that brings peoples face to face is more valuable than a treaty of eternal friendship. Does anyone know, or care, whether we have a treaty with Great Britain?

The Case Against Wiretapping

Hearings are being conducted in Washington on a bill which would permit federal judges to authorize wiretaps under certain circumstances. At the present time, the Federal Communications Act makes interception and divulgence of a telephone or telegraph message by anyone, unless authorized by the sender, a crime. But the Justice Department interprets the law to mean that while interception and divulgence *together* constitute a crime, interception alone does not. Quite recently, J. Edgar Hoover disclosed that the FBI was currently maintaining ninety wiretaps in "internal security cases," adding that the FBI was also watching persons in "the twilight zone" who were not actual members of the Communist Party but who could be used by the Communists "in case of any international crisis."

In the view of Pennsylvania's attorney general, Thomas McBride, these wiretaps would by inference make Mr. Hoover subject to prosecution in that state, where wiretaps of all kinds are strictly prohibited. Both Mr. McBride and Circuit Attorney Thomas F. Eagleton of St. Louis favor an absolute prohibition on wiretapping. It is their view that police officers will always want to tap more wires than there is any need to tap, and that it is extremely doubtful whether the closest judicial supervision would ever check this tendency. A case can be made, as Charles P. Curtis did in a recent *Nation* article (April 19), for judicial authorization and supervision of wiretaps. But Mr. McBride offers cogent arguments against even the "permissive" system. When a search and seizure warrant is issued, the person against whom it is issued can contest its validity in the courts. But it is impossible for a judge to delineate which conversation, on a particular telephone connection, may be listened to and which not; nor is there anyone to whom the subject of the wiretap can appeal for redress, since he does not know that his phone is being tapped.

Messrs. McBride and Eagleton are agreed that the convenience of police officers should yield to the paramount social need of securing the privacy of telephone conversations. On balance, the proponents of an absolute prohibition make the stronger case, and it is refreshing to find this case stated, for a change, with force and candor by two top-ranking law enforcement officials.

On Keeping Up With the Russians . . *by Donald J. Hughes*

LAST AUTUMN the Soviet sputniks, in a one-two punch, altered drastically the deep convictions of many Americans on the scientific and material accomplishments of the West. The satellites led some eminent scientists to conclude that we were well behind the Soviets not only in rocketry, but in most fields of engineering and pure research. Of course, soon came a tremendous variety of sweeping suggestions for solutions to this new-found inferiority of the West.

Now, however, the original Soviet sputniks, having dipped disastrously into the denser atmosphere, are gone while ours still circle serenely, one of them destined to last perhaps 100 years. This reversal in space has induced a certain calm in which a more realistic appraisal of the relative capabilities can be made. In this calm—not noticeably shaken by the Soviet launching of its latest and largest satellite—we can attempt a realistic appraisal of our science and engineering with regard to correct objectives. Without such a reappraisal, we may well be confused by the next propaganda move of the Soviets, whether it be a manned satellite, an atomic ice-breaker or airplane, or the achievement of controlled thermonuclear fusion.

Shortly before Sputnik I was launched, I spent a month in the USSR, on the invitation of the Soviet Academy of Science, lecturing and consulting on nuclear physics. While there, I visited a dozen lab-

DONALD J. HUGHES, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory and author of On Nuclear Energy, *traveled in Poland and the Soviet Union last summer as an invited lecturer.*

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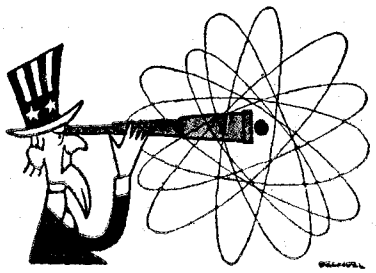
oratories and talked to more than a hundred scientists. On my return, I tried to evaluate the relative position of the Soviet Union and the West with regard to scientific research and development. In making this evaluation, it was obvious that a distinction was essential between these two aspects of science.

The distinction is primarily a simple one of motivation, since the actual type of work, the instruments used, even the technical jargon, are often indistinguishable. The motivation of basic research is curiosity; the objective, to find out about nature with no regard as to how this knowledge may be put to practical use. On the other hand, development work or engineering always has as an objective the accomplishment of some practical result. The distinction becomes fundamental when it comes to organizing research, paying for it, and training researchers. Basic research cannot be planned in advance, cannot be programmed, cannot promise definite results. In contrast, development work can have a definite objective; within reason, it can have a predictable time schedule; it can be carefully programmed.

KEEPING these factors in mind, as well as all the information I acquired during my visit to the Soviet Union, I have come to the conclusion that the Soviets certainly do not lead in basic research. In fact, in most branches of research, the Russians lag behind us. They are outstanding in certain fields, primarily in *development* of large equipment, to which they have decided to devote intense effort. This concentration of effort is important in analyzing any of the recent happenings cited as evidence that the Soviets are passing us or have already done so. Such things as the Soviet atomic-power plant (in operation since 1954), the ten-billion-volt accelerator just built near Moscow, and the heavy earth satellites are good examples of this type of evidence. In each of these instances, the Soviet high command picked the particular project and pushed it ahead without regard for cost or manpower. But these are not developments in basic science and are the type of things that can be pushed to rapid success if funds are not limited.

The technique of picking certain fields for rapid development is of course intimately related to the way in which all science is organized in Russia, and the key to the situation lies in the fact that the Soviet Academy of Science exercises absolute control over scientific activities. All research and development projects are handled through the Academy, of whose planning the individual scientist has little knowledge. Parenthetically, it should be noted that because of the all-encompassing nature of the Academy's activities, Western scientists must be extremely patient when making arrangements with their Soviet colleagues. Even though the Soviet scientists are anxious to cooperate as individuals, the necessity of all arrangements being made through the Academy means that often long, and to the Western scientist unexplainable, delays occur. These irritating delays are not the fault of the individual Soviet scientist.



The intensely strong control exerted in science, as in all other aspects of Soviet life, has the effect of accelerating some phases and at the same time of hindering others. Certain fields can be picked for all-out effort. The basis for the choice is difficult to say, but it seems that spectacular items are frequently given priority, and when success is achieved —as with the sputniks—the propaganda value is utilized to the utmost. On the other hand, this kind of pressure on selected projects does not work well at all in basic research, and it is here that the Soviets lag behind us.

A great impression was made on Western scientists recently by Soviet progress in the high-energy field, but when one analyzes the situation it is again development work—in this instance the building of the ten-billion-volt accelerator—that caused the real impact. The actual discoveries in basic science are not impressive, even in this field where the Russians have pushed so very hard. In other areas of basic science, Soviet activity is almost zero; for instance, there is no work at all in the field of neutron diffraction, in which the arrangements of atoms in crystals is determined from the directions in which neutrons are scattered. This is a field that has developed greatly, in other countries, in connection with the study of magnetic materials.

IN MY own field, neutron physics, I could find no activity to compare with that in the United States where, for example, many high-flux research reactors—which produce enormous numbers of neutrons for experimental purposes—are being built or planned. My own conclusion is simply that this happens to be an area to which the Soviet Academy is not applying great effort. It is hard to see how basic science can advance in a situation in which a few specific developments, usually those that will produce results of propaganda value, are pushed almost to the exclusion of others.

Another characteristic of Soviet science is the great reluctance on the part of individual scientists to criticize the work of their colleagues, or even to be interested in what is going on outside their own laboratory. When I compare the free give-and-take of scientific information in the West with this strictly regimented system in the East, I cannot help but conclude that, under their present organization, there is little danger that the Soviets will pass us in basic research.

When the Russians achieve a spectacular success in the development line, people who cannot distinguish between basic and development work tend to argue that we ought to put more effort into the applied field in which the Soviets scored their triumph. But to do so would merely be imitating Soviet methods and would do a great deal to hurt our own basic research, the source of future development. There

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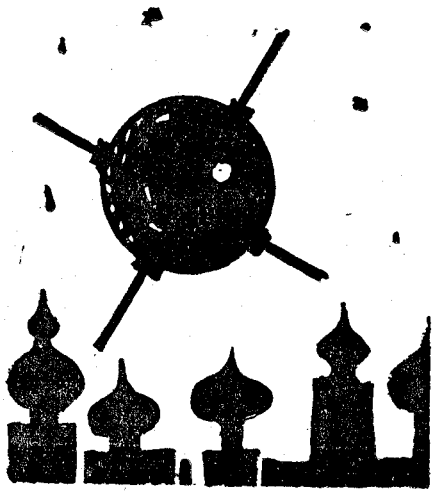
is some evidence of a change in Soviet thinking in this connection. The leaders appear to realize that their own system does not advance basic research, and they seem to be making efforts to correct the system. My own opinion is that the difficulties go so deeply into the fundamental structure of Soviet society that it would be impossible for Soviet science to gain the freedom of research so necessary to progress without a change in government more deep-seated than we can anticipate for decades.

When we understand the way in which the Soviet system can put enormous resources into a single definite objective, the futility of trying to out-do the Soviets on their chosen grounds quickly becomes apparent. We do not need to "keep up with the Russians" in this sense; it is a matter of maintaining the lead we now hold in the overall scientific effort. The great advantage of our system is that because of the free interplay of competitive minds, many fields are covered, and covered well. We thus have available the basic information, and the people who understand it, so that we can push ahead on the development level in whatever field may turn out to be important in the future.

The conclusion that we should follow our own indigenous program and not attempt to out-do the Russians at every point seems logical enough. Nevertheless, the tendency to imitate the Russians remains powerful. A recent example concerns the Soviet All-Union Institute of Scientific Information. When I was in Moscow last July, I was told in detail by Director Shikanov about the 20,000 scientists throughout the Soviet Union who participated in the activities of the institute by preparing abstracts from articles in technical journals printed all over the world. About 2,300 employees at the institute itself kept track of these abstracts and made them available to scientists. At a moment's notice, Mr. Shikanov claimed, a scientist anywhere in the Soviet Union could ask for an article appearing in any of the world's technical journals and in a few days a photostatic copy would be sent to him. In order to show how efficient the service was, Shikanov offered to get me copies of any articles that I desired, but unfortunately I was about to leave the country and had to decline the invitation.

BUT NOW comes the important point: the United States has no such magnificent, centralized, technical information service. The immediate reaction in some quarters here is that *we* should have an institute of the same type as the Soviet Institute, but even larger. But the more general opinion, though perhaps more subdued, is that what is appropriate for the Soviet Union is not necessarily appropriate for the United States. In this country, many of the professional societies already do abstracting and translation of technical articles, not by full-time employees but by experts in the field *who are interested in the subject itself*. It follows that the American Chemical Society is better able to do abstracting of chemical articles than a centralized service in Washington manned by people who are not experts in any particular field.

Last January, at hearings of the House Subcommittee on Flow of Information, with John Moss of California as chairman, the whole question of the advisability of a centralized information and translation institute for the United States was examined. The active scientists who testified recommended that existing organizations be supported to handle the mounting load of technical material, and that the government supply not a national institute, but various centralized services, such as printing and distribution. It was pointed out that there were more important things than imitating the Soviet Union that could be done now in the United States—things specific to our needs that would help the flow of scientific information and thus advance science in the manner in which it operates best in a democracy.



For instance, there was the problem of over-compartmentalization and secrecy and their stifling effects. Examples were given of the way in which various branches of government translate unclassified Russian technical journals from Russian into English, but then withhold the translations as secret. In one case, a monograph by Soviet scientists on acoustics had been translated at least seven times in as many government offices, each unknown to the other; several of the translations had been locked up as secret reports.

THE SEPARATE classification systems maintained by different branches of government were also criticized severely. Material which is considered unclassified by some agencies is classified by others. For example, at times the results of measurements that I make at my laboratory are unclassified according to the Atomic Energy Commission, but are considered secret by the particular branch of the Defense Department using the data. As I told the subcommittee, this confusion results in long delays in discussion of the work and in utilization of the results. There are many cases in which time is lost simply because scientists in different government agencies, each agency with its own type of security classification, are not allowed to discuss the results of their work freely. A single system of classification is obviously needed; it would speed research and reduce expensive duplication.

Although the flow of information is just one aspect of the problem of advancing science in the United States, it is of ever-increasing importance. And the problem illustrates the principle of non-imitation; the solution lies not in imitating a

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dictatorially-organized system, but in finding the right way in which to do things in a democracy. Essentially, the present East-West competition is not merely of missiles or atomic power or fusion; it is a competition between dictatorship and democracy. It is a competition not only in science or weapons, but in every aspect of life. We will best show the superiority we believe is inherent in democracy by pursuing a democratic, balanced program, rather than by blindly imitating Soviet accomplishments in specific fields.

And if the accomplishments of democracy are shown to be superior in this way, a reverse phenomenon may occur; the Soviets, by imitating us, may in the process become more democratic. Any activities that widen the cracks in the iron curtain will foster this process and should be encouraged with maximum effort. The Geneva Atoms for Peace meeting of 1955, for example, created an opening; the contacts thus established have continued to grow (my own visit to the Soviet Union resulted directly from the Geneva meeting). At the present time, plans are going ahead rapidly for Geneva II, to be held in September of this year. This conference promises to be about twice as large as Geneva I, and again it will supply an opportunity for contacts between scientists of the East and West, in which democracy again will have a chance to display its values.

Other similar activities, already in progress or possible in the near future, can help to lift the curtain. One is the International Geophysical Year; another would be an internationally-policed ban on H-bomb testing and, possibly, on production as well. If we devote ourselves to these accomplishments, rather than waiting in jittery anxiety for the Soviet's next move in order, slavishly, to imitate it, we will no longer need to fear the future. We will know that progress is being made toward world peace rather than world destruction.

DISNEYLAND and LAS VEGAS . . *by Julian Halevy*

THIS IS WRITTEN in Mexico, my home in recent years. I've just returned from a visit to the United States, and am now once more enjoying the taste of unfrozen orange juice and fresh fish, conversations lasting four or five hours in which all sorts of cabbages and kings are discussed, meetings with friends where no one asks if I watched TV last night to see Mickey Rooney do Oedipus Rex on the Benign Cancer-Producing Cigarette *Walpurgisnacht* Spectacular. Now I feel myself once again reassured of my personal identity and critical faculties to the point where this article, which I have been trying vainly to write from within the revolving U.S. Barrel of Fun, comes to my typewriter as easily as a remembered dream being noted down for the psychiatrist.

Perhaps, as I'd been advised to do, I should have taken a child along when I visited Disneyland, but I'm glad I didn't. For one thing, most of the visitors were grownups, in the sense that President Truman and the Prince of Saudi Arabia are grown-up, and I was able to pass more easily, although I never did get over the feeling that I was being watched. Too, I didn't have to temper my revulsion to the place with middle-of-the-road thoughts that anything giving pleasure to a child can't be altogether bad. My companion on the expedition was a woman with vitality and good taste, capable of feeling, a good friend of the kind you want beside you when you're in a tight spot. I must report that she was somewhat disturbed by the experience: she didn't have a plane reservation in her pocket, as I did. She was going to have to stay in Los Angeles, which is a suburb of Disneyland, and the prospect was frightening.

THE AMUSEMENT park advertised throughout the world as Disneyland is a collection of Midway rides, concessions, hot-dog stands and soft drink counters, peep-shows and advertising stunts for big corporations, neatly laid out on several hundred flat acres twenty minutes' drive on a super-highway from downtown Los Angeles or a few minutes flight by direct, scheduled helicopter service from the Los Angeles International Airport.

For the convenience of pilgrims who have traveled considerable distances and who don't want to be distracted from the main purpose of their visit, there is a large hotel on the grounds; and, if one can believe the billboards, it's possible to relax there in a luxurious hotel atmosphere, where formal attire is unnecessary, while enjoying an extended visit. There is a limit to how much punishment even the most devout Disneyite can absorb in one day.

The huge park is laid out in several sections radiating from a center, a city plan also used to good effect in Washington, D.C., and Paris. Each section has a national character or *leitmotif* and an appropriate title: Frontierland, Tomorrowland, Adventureland, Wonderland and so on.

Frontierland features the Old West: mine train, a ride on a Mississippi-type riverboat around Tom Sawyer's Island, an authentic movie saloon where a moustachioed bartender informed me that "no alcoholic beverages are served in Disneyland," a diorama of the Grand Canyon, shooting galleries, horse cars, cowboys, Indians and stuffed, motorized animals.

Tomorrowland offers rocket-ship rides to the moon, a plastic House of the Future advertising Monsanto, a 360-degree motion-picture exhibit belonging to General Motors, and a wide variety of jet-plane and space-

JULIAN HALEVY is a screen writer and novelist. His latest book is The Young Lovers.

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ship rides. The Wonderland pitch uses gimmicks from Disney movies: Snow White's Castle, Mr. Toad's Scooter Ride, The Seven Dwarfs' Souvenir Shop; Gepetto's Toys.

We got off a model train at Adventureland, passed through an Oriental Bazaar, and boarded a river launch that, for fifty cents, took us up country into darkest Disneyland on a seven-minute voyage. The pilot of our crowded little craft pointed out dangers and assuaged our fears over a public-address system which he handled very competently with one hand while brandishing a pistol with the other. He steered, incidentally, with his elbows, which was less foolhardly than it might seem, because the launch was towed on an endless underwater belt. We passed a temple full of sacred jewels, guarded by stuffed crocodiles which attacked us on whirring wheels, a tribe of headhunters brandishing assegais and shrunken heads, and a whole slew of stuffed, mechanized gorillas, cannibals and elephants, all intent on doing us bodily harm. We had some pretty close calls, but the pilot was a crack shot from Central Casting, and he placed noisy bullets between the eyes of anything or anybody that threatened us. Given to sage observations, he remarked over the P. A. system, after coolly despatching a monster crocodile that had poked its rubber snout against the side of the boat, "You can't trust those fellows!"

As in the Disney movies, the whole world, the universe, and all man's striving for dominion over self and nature, have been reduced to a sickening blend of cheap formulas packaged to sell. Romance, Adventure, Fantasy, Science are ballyhooed and marketed: life is bright-colored, clean, cute, titivating, safe, mediocre, inoffensive to the lowest common denominator, and somehow poignantly inhuman. The mythology glorified in TV and Hollywood's B films has been given too solid flesh. By some Gresham's law of bad art driving out good, the whole of Southern California and the nation indivisible is affected. The invitation and challenge of real living is abandoned. It doesn't sell tickets. It's dangerous and offensive. Give 'em mumbo-jumbo. One feels our whole mass culture heading up the dark river to the source—that heart of darkness where Mr. Disney traffics in pastel-trinketed evil for gold and ivory.

But the overwhelming feeling that one carries away is sadness for the empty lives which accept such tawdry substitutes. On the river boat, I heard a woman exclaim glowingly to her husband, "What imagination they have!" He nodded, and the pathetic gladness that illuminated his face as a papier-maché crocodile sank beneath the muddy surface of the ditch was a grim indictment of the way of life for which this feeble sham represented escape and adventure.

LAS VEGAS IS a very different kind of place from Disneyland, although both seem to me to illustrate a growing need in the United States to escape from reality. Disneyland is total make-believe; I suspect that a lot of the customers leave it with a sense of having been oversold and underestimated, and it would surprise me if many of them keep coming back for another fling at big-game hunting, Disney style. On the other hand, Las Vegas is a habit: every Saturday night, once a month, an annual vacation—it depends on how much money the sucker has to spend and how far away he lives. The satisfactions sold in Las Vegas are subtler and more profound: they touch on the real lives, the real anxieties of the people who trek there from all over the United States and places even more distant. Las Vegas deals in the essence of the American way, narcotizes the number-one preoccupation of daily reality and nightly dream: the Almighty Buck.

A Las Vegas promotion man, in a moment of inspiration, conceived a billboard advertisement which got a big play: "Come to Las Vegas! Bring Money!" The ad implied that money, after all, is only a commodity like potatoes; it ridiculed the over-importance of money in our lives, and mischievously, entertainingly, invited us to act out the burlesque.

Las Vegas itself carries out the gospel proclaimed by the billboard. For the duration of your visit, you wear your brain tilted. You live in a luxury world where the fact of money seems beneath notice; a world of Olympic swimming pools, hanging gardens, waitresses beautiful as movie stars, marble baths and bars a block long, air conditioning, deep carpets, royal buffets and obsequious waiters offering free drinks. The illusion is created that we are all rich, that money means nothing. It is changed into chips, which are buttons, sort of; losing them on the gaming tables can seem trivial, until the sucker gets back home and converts his losses into real things like groceries and rent.

Every hotel is designed so that all roads lead through its gambling casino, the heart of the institution. To get to the dining room, the pool, or merely from one's room to the street, one must pass by the brightly-spinning roulette wheels, the glowing green pastures of the crap tables, the corridors of slot machines pleading to be stripped of their jackpots. Shills keep the show looking busy. It seems that everyone is playing the game: to toss a handful of colored buttons on the table is easy; one does it casually, airily; for a moment one has the illusion of omnipotence. Lose, shrug, and pass on: what a wonderful relief from checking prices at the supermarket and trying to balance the check book.

IT CERTAINLY appeals to a lot of people. I saw all sorts, in Magnin originals and cotton housedresses, blue jeans and evening clothes. There was a corporation executive and his wife who had brought along their cook and houseman to share the holiday, and all four were gambling. The sight of thousands of people shedding their financial inhibitions and traditional respect for money is somewhat startling, but the most provocative, puzzling aspect of the whole spectacle was that many of the gamblers, certainly a majority of the big plungers, weren't gambling to win. To put it simply, they were throwing their money away.

This requires some explanation. Games of skill, like poker, or real games of chance, like traditional craps, are not available in the plush

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casinos of the great hotels along the Strip. There is an illusion of gambling fostered and tales are told of the Man Who Broke the Bank, but it is impossible for anyone to continue playing for a considerable length of time and win. The odds are fixed for this purpose. The house takes a sizeable percentage on every turn of the card in blackjack, every spin of the roulette wheel, every throw of the dice. Incidentally, the traditional odds of craps, which favor the house only very slightly, have been altered in Las Vegas so as to increase the house percentage, and house rules prevent gamblers from playing the house side and enjoying their favored position. The slot machines, of course, are commonly and properly known as one-arm bandits. Yet the wheels keep turning, the cards continue to be flipped, the crap tables are booming, and the same suckers keep getting fleeced.

A LOT of them don't know any better, I suppose. They think they can win, despite the laws of mathematics. But there are businessmen in the crowds; sharp, hard-headed operators who figure their profits in fractions of a cent on the dollar, who buy and sell on tiny variations in the market and maintain systems of accounting far more complex than the simple arithmetic involved in figuring the house percentage in a crap game where "come" bets lose on box cars but players fading the shooter do not win.

I had a conversation with one of these businessmen that tells something, if only a small part, of the emotional factors motivating this unbusinesslike behavior. It was in the bright, blue desert morning beside the swimming pool, and during an ordinary conversation in which we chatted about our home states and occupations, my acquaintance mentioned that he had dropped about $2,000 on this weekend trip, which brought his losses for the year to about forty grand.

"You can't win," he said, at one point, "but I like to play. I'm the kind of sucker these operators dream about. Why, at home, on a Saturday night I'll drive two hours to get to a game I know is crooked."

On another occasion, this man, who in all other respects impressed me as sane, energetic and far from self-destructive, told me, smiling ruefully, that since the end of World War II he had lost, gambling, $300,000—profits from wartime black market deals that had been salted away in safe-deposit boxes. "It was dirty money, anyway," he said.

What he meant, I think, was not that he had strong conscience pangs about how he had earned the money, but rather that there wasn't any way he could spend it that would give him greater satisfaction than that provided by this form of throwing it away.

AS I WRITE, I am reminded of a religious practice in certain remote Mexican villages. When the parishioners are fed up with the way things have been going, they take the holy images from their place beside the altar and throw them in the lake to indicate their dissatisfaction with the ruling powers. It strikes me that there is some parallel between this primitive getting even and the behavior of the U.S. businessmen; as one of them said in my hearing about his gambling losses, "I guess I like to throw it away."

And while I'm playing with analogies among primitives, I wonder if there isn't some common human denominator linking these pilgrims to Las Vegas with those Indians who, in their potlatch ritual, insist that those individuals who have amassed a certain surplus get rid of it, either by destroying or giving away the excess money and goods.

There is another kind of gambling at Las Vegas which contrasts markedly with the phenomenon just described. One has to hunt for it, though. In a few saloons, downtown, there are old-fashioned, frontier-style poker games, the kind of game that went on in Virginia City when Mark Twain and Bret Harte were working on the newspaper there. In these places, the house doesn't participate, merely providing the table and facilities, including a dealer who cuts the pot for a half-dollar now and again. The players are a different breed from the guilt-happy, self-destructive penitents at the Strip hotels. Men, mostly, in contrast to the hotel casinos where there seemed to be as many women players as men, these gamblers were for the most part older, more taciturn, more serious. They dressed—differently from the hotel crowd, who favored fashionable sportswear — in worn, drab suits of a cut popular ten years ago; a very few among them wore unassuming polo shirts and slacks. Calculating odds, sizing up their opponents thoughtfully, drinking coffee (if anything), they made their bets or dropped out with an individually inexpressive style that did not vary with the size of the pots which, in the games I watched, were as low as $5 or as high as $3,000. There was a tension in their cryptic speech and deliberate movements, drama that made the alcoholic feverishness of play in the hotels seem, in comparison, pathetic.

THERE was one odd character who intrigued me. I watched him for hours, along with several other remarkable gamblers, in a no-limit five-card stud game. He was a short, plumpish, sharp-featured man about fifty, with a loud, arrogant voice and cheap, flamboyant clothes, including a green felt Tyrolean hat with a peacock feather. A cold cigar was gripped between his teeth, and he kept relighting it with a *Flammenwerfer* lighter at tense moments in the betting. During intervals when he was sitting out a hand, a messenger brought him cards from a nearby bingo game and he marked them,

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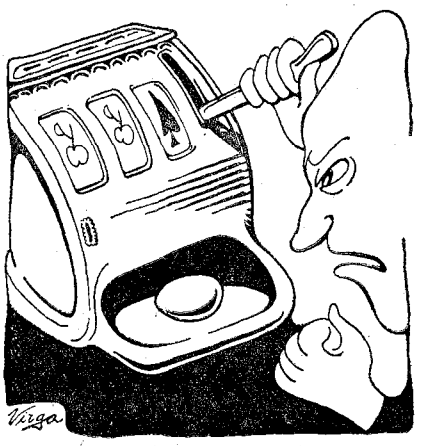
watching anxiously as the numbers were posted. His behavior irritated the other players. I'm sure he was deliberately provoking them. When they were angry, their judgment was affected, which gave him an advantage. How effective his strategy was, I do not know; but I was impressed by his style.

The most consistent winner, though, was a thin, leathery old man who kept a blanket wrapped around his legs. In a coldly dispassionate atmosphere, he was icily detached. I saw him call a $500 bet with a pair of tens and win.

Whatever else you can say about that old man's line of work, it takes moxie. On the New York block where I grew up, the word meant a kind of spirited courage that we all admired. If life put a chip on its shoulder and flung a challenge, the kid who knocked it off and then danced around with his fists up in a fancy boxing stance had moxie. It's a word I haven't used much lately. In the months since I visited Las Vegas, I've found myself, now and then, remembering that no-limit poker game and the players; if not for them, the town would have been an altogether terrible place.

I don't really believe that poker-playing is an adequate substitute for the excitement that's missing from the contemporary package of adjusted organization life. It's rather a sign that the longing for it hasn't yet been entirely channeled into fantasy outlets; and perhaps some of the other socially censured activities that are permitted to flourish in the nooks and crannies of the American Way are also symptomatic of the still-glowing spark. There must be some good reason why social delinquency is concentrated in the livest segment of our population, the youth.

But I'm writing about Disneyland and Las Vegas to make another point: that both these institutions exist for the relief of tension and



boredom, as tranquilizers for social anxiety, and that they both provide fantasy experiences in which not-so-secret longings are pseudo-satisfied. Their huge profits and mushrooming growth suggest that as conformity and adjustment become more rigidly imposed on the American scene, the drift to fantasy release will become a flight. So make your reservations early.

CRAFT THREAT to the U.A.W... *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

THE NATIONAL Labor Relations Board held an extraordinary session here on May 21. For the first time since 1954, the full five-man body headed by Chairman Boyd Leedom, left Washington to conduct an on-the-spot hearing. The consequences will affect not only the current auto-labor crisis, but craft and industrial union relations throughout the country. Unprecedented also was the fact that General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and the United Auto Workers union postponed contract negotiations at a critical stage to appear side by side to make a joint plea before the board. What united these bargaining opponents in common cause at this stage of their acrimonious negotiations were the ninety-three petitions of five craft unions before the NLRB demanding elections to determine collective bargaining rights for over 12,000 skilled workers currently covered by U.A.W. representation and contracts. A week earlier, Regional NLRB Director Thomas Roumell had dismissed thirty-four petitions covering 5,000 skilled workers at Ford and Chrysler. The board had to review this action and also consider fifty-nine additional petitions covering 7,000 General Motors workers.

Until a determination has been made by the NLRB as to who represents the rebelling skilled workers, the Big Three car manufacturers and the U.A.W. cannot conclude new contracts to replace those which expired last weekend.

The five craft unions arrayed against the temporary united front of the auto industry and the U.A.W. are the Society of Skilled Trades, the American Federation of Skilled Crafts, the Operating Engineers (AFL-CIO), the Pattern Makers League and the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen. The lead-off witness at the jam-packed May 21 hearing was Walter Reuther, who argued that it was in the best interests of the nation, the auto industry and the skilled workers themselves to be represented by one union. He pointed out that a single bargaining unit such as the U.A.W. provides mobility in using skilled manpower which would be impossible if employees were divided into air-tight craft compartments; he argued further that the creation of separate craft unions would force the industry to spend six months on production and six months on model change-overs. He reminded the NLRB that during World War II it was the ability of the U.A.W. to upgrade production workers to semi-skilled and skilled classifications that enabled Detroit to become the arsenal of democracy. Reuther also outlined the U.A.W. machinery un-

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems in the auto industry, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The UAW and Walter Reuther.

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der which skilled workers are allowed to decide their own supplementary contract, and pointed out that they have their own bargaining procedure and are represented in all top-level negotiations with the corporations.

Attorneys for G.M., Ford and Chrysler, arguing along similar lines, warned the board that the introduction of craft unionism into the auto industry would spread confusion inside their plants and create the frightening prospect of jurisdictional warfare.

Attorney Louis S. Belkin, counsel for the International Union of Operating Engineers, presented the typical case for the craft unions:

> The important thing before this board is self-determination of the skilled workers, which is being frustrated by the combined efforts of the U.A.W. and the auto industry.... If you reduce craftsmen to the least common denominator in every plant you will stifle and destroy their imagination and initiative. You will accomplish the very things the Russians are trying to do. It looks to me like the U.A.W. is running scared. There is a spreading revolt in their ranks and they are trying to stop the small craft unions from holding free elections to determine their desired bargaining representatives.

Philip R. Rodgers, one of the NLRB board members, astonished the U.A.W. and the auto industry by challenging the U.A.W.'s theory of single representation:

> Development of the C.I.O. could have been blocked if this doctrine of not permitting new unions in an integrated industry had been in effect at that time. Not all workers have to join the C.I.O. to get union representation. They have the right to achieve it by other means.... [The U.A.W.] arguments were heard at the time of the Taft-Hartley law's passage and Congress rejected them, saying workers have the right to determine their representation. This board must look at the law.

His argument was loudly applauded by most of the 200 spectators, obviously members of the interested craft unions.

In terms of basic policy, the NLRB must determine whether the so-called National Tube doctrine applies to the auto industry. In 1948, the NLRB ruled that the National Tube Corporation (producing steel products) has single representation because of the integrated character of its production. This ruling has been extended, during the ensuing six years, to the aluminum, logging and wet-milling industries. Basic is the question of whether the auto industry is an integrated unit; the craft unions insist that the 120 auto and parts plants do not fit in that category.

The NLRB indicated it would render its decision before June 1, so that the industry, the U.A.W. and the craft unions would know how to proceed on their contract negotiations. Expectations were that the National Tube doctrine would apply and that the craft unions would be ruled out. In that event the decision is expected to be appealed as far as the Supreme Court.

WHATEVER the NLRB's decision, it will by no means fully solve the problem of the revolt of the skilled trades. If the decision favors the U.A.W., the effect will be simply to channel the craft workers' unrest and dissatisfaction within the framework of the U.A.W. Both the big union and the auto industry are confronted with an emergency which till very recently was largely underestimated. The problem is better understood by recalling briefly what provoked the skilled-trades revolt in the first place. Historically, there can be no question that skilled workers played an important role in the building of the U.A.W. In 1939, for example, in the famous strategy strike among the G.M. tool and die workers, Walter Reuther was able to defeat the attempts of the corporation to recognize the splinter Homer Martin A.F. of L. union. During and after the post-war years, skilled workers shared in all the U.A.W. struggles, including the establishment of pensions, insurance and hospitalization benefits, as well as wage increases.

Many skilled workers were so accustomed to overtime work and a higher standard of living than production workers that a return to a forty-hour week (less in some plants) became a source of dissatisfaction. When the 1955 contracts — which included the modified guaranteed annual wage plan known as supplemental unemployment benefits — were negotiated, the skilled workers, who never expected that they might be laid off, felt that they had been neglected. The 5 cents per hour per employee going into the SUB fund appeared to them a subsidization of the production workers by the skilled workers. There were wildcat strikes at Ford, G.M. and Chrysler plants in protest over the contract. At that time, the top U.A.W. leadership did not fully grasp the extent of the discontent among the skilled workers.

A source of further irritation to the skilled men was the fact that U.A.W. at the time lacked satisfactory provision for skilled-trades representation in bargaining. As a matter of fact, the U.A.W. international executive board bluntly rejected the demands of the tool and die councils, which are part of the U.A.W. structure, for a revision of their bargaining representation, and even suppressed the Wayne County Tool and Die Council newspaper which was spearheading the campaign.

The formation of a new group called the Society of Skilled Trades among U.A.W. skilled workers was considered a temporary aberration. However, this development added pressure to the campaign within the union, and the April, 1957, convention of the U.A.W., after considerable debate, made constitutional changes guaranteeing skilled workers ample bargaining protection and procedures. The guerrilla warfare that the Society of Skilled Trades and other craft unions had begun to use against the U.A.W. was then felt to be under control. But the craft unions' appeals and promises ultimately led 12,000 workers in auto plants to sign petitions to be represented by the five groups who are now arguing their case before the NLRB.

THE STRATEGIC role played by the skilled workers, and their own understanding of it, can hardly be overemphasized. Nor can their determination not to be identified with the lowly production worker be ignored. In an integrated industry

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like autos, where tool and die men, machine repairmen, cutter grinders and others are vital to a continuous operation of the assembly lines, these few workers have the ability to shut down a plant at almost a moment's notice. The model change-over period of the auto industry can be held up completely by simply shutting down key tool and die shops where the jigs, dies and fixtures for the forthcoming model are being prepared in advance.

In the past two years there has been some evidence that the auto companies at first tolerated, if they did not actually encourage, the tendency of the skilled workers to maintain themselves apart from U.A.W. production workers. This attitude was motivated by management's desire to reduce the effective power of Walter Reuther and the U.A.W. The current stand of the auto companies suggests that they have learned their lesson quickly, and that they are now in fear of the prospect of negotiating with a host of different unions.

Added to the difficulties inherent in this situation was the kind of newspaper and radio coverage given the one-day NLRB hearing. Headlines like "U.A.W. and Big Three Gang Up on Skilled Workers" have accentuated suspicions and feelings of persecution among skilled workers. Even if the U.A.W. retains its bargaining rights, it will have the problem of securing a wage package acceptable to these dissidents. Skilled workers under the U.A.W. bargaining procedure have the right to reject their own contract, and this action could lead to a strike action by them, desired by neither the U.A.W. nor the industry in the current situation. As a result, the price of peace or of a temporary truce with the skilled workers has risen for the auto companies.

The feeling of many skilled workers that they will have been forced to remain in the U.A.W. by NLRB fiat is one that will not easily disappear, and they will likely remain a permanent source of dissidence, a new feature in the internal life of the U.A.W.

Relations between the craft unions and the former C.I.O. unions generally within the AFL-CIO are bound to deteriorate as a result of a decision of the NLRB favoring the U.A.W. It is probable that the U.A.W. leadership has learned the need for being more sensitive to the needs and feelings of the workers it represents; the gains that it may win for the skilled trades this year should begin to mitigate the antagonisms that now exist.

HOWEVER, a new dilemma presents itself. It remains to be seen whether the production workers will be satisfied with the minimum gains that are indicated for them in current negotiations with the Big Three, especially in view of the fact that the skilled workers will be given a proportionately greater share of money gains. The very democratic structure and operation of the U.A.W. gives this question an urgency not found in other unions, where the rank and file does not actively intervene in union affairs and negotiations. Turmoil within the U.A.W. is not likely to subside easily even when it has signed new contracts with the Big Three.

In the final analysis, what the labor movement is witnessing is a new stress on the concept of industrial unionism and its ability to represent all workers within a given plant, and it is fortunate that a re-examination of this basic theory takes place in the U.A.W., whose tradition of rank-and-file democracy makes it the best social laboratory in which to test this new challenge.

THE CHINA BOYCOTT HOAX . . *by Malcolm W. Boyd*

San Francisco

THE AMERICAN people and their government have been so busy trying to out-sputnik Russia during the past year that they have tended to overlook some of the vital areas here on earth where the future of their country, and perhaps of mankind, will be decided for the next century or so. Probably the most important of these is the China Mainland, formerly known as just plain China.

The United States, as everybody knows, ignores the existence of this large, strategic plot of ground, its government and the 600,000,000 people who live thereon. What everybody does not know, however, is that our allies throughout the world not only do not agree with our sulky policies regarding China, but that they have reduced our embargo policies aimed at China to a shambles.

There is no reason why the United States Government could not and should not keep its citizens informed about our allies' trade with our avowed enemy, Red China. Obviously, this trade is no secret to the Chinese. Washington withholds the facts simply because it wants to conceal from the American people the total bankruptcy of our entire Asian policy, of which our Red China policy is the cornerstone.

President Eisenhower himself has

MALCOLM W. BOYD, managing editor of the Pacific Shipper, *is a veteran West Coast newspaperman who served two years in the Far East with the Navy during World War II.*

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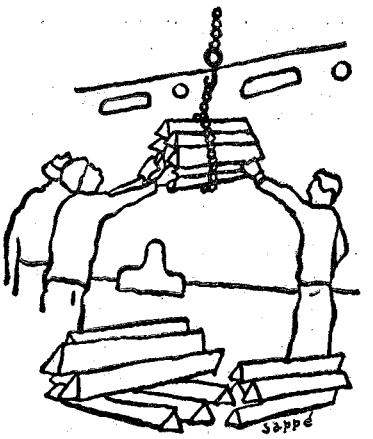
said that he does not believe our boycott of China is a tenable long-range stratagem. Unfortunately, he has abdicated the conduct of American diplomacy to the Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. The Secretary, a very moral man, has declared that the United States will neither recognize Red China, nor trade with her. But the British, Japanese, West Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, French, Turks, Canadians, Australians and just about all our other friends in the world feel differently. They are intent on trading with Red China whether we like it or not; and unable to stop the tide, we have "graciously" given their trade our blessing.

Somehow this passes for statecraft in Washington. But on the West Coast, where people know that China does indeed exist over the Western horizon and is not a figment of Marco Polo's imagination, the Dulles China policy seems arrant nonsense. Every week, for instance, residents of Seattle are treated to the spectacle of ships sailing through Puget Sound (just north of the U.S. border, of course) en route to China with grain from British Columbia. Washington State has elevators bursting with grain from the fertile Palouse country, but in the name of all that is right and holy, Mr. Dulles sees to it that this American grain does not go to Red China. Instead, he lets the Canadians get the business.

IF OUR China embargo is so toothless that even the Canadians largely disregard it, one can imagine how puny it must seem in Europe. Last year *Pacific Shipper,* a weekly ocean-traffic magazine which circulates throughout the steamship and foreign-trade industries of the Western United States and Canada, made some inquiries into the extent of European and Japanese trade with Red China. The United States Government never did reveal actual trade figures, but the San Francisco-based magazine managed to secure some U.S. Naval Intelligence figures on ships calling at Red Chinese ports during the month of March, 1956.

The figures showed that during that month alone some 183 vessels, totaling 1,130,560 gross registered



tons, and all registered to nations of the so-called "Free World," were engaged in trade with Communist China. About half the ships were of British registry, 15 per cent Japanese, and the rest about evenly divided among Norway, Holland, Denmark, West Germany, France, Sweden, Finland, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Pakistan and Italy. (Yugoslavia, like Spain, is regarded in Washington as part of the "Free World.")

The ships were not owned by mysterious Balkans either, but were flying the house flags of some of the world's largest and most reputable steamship companies: East Asiatic Company, Hamburg-America Line, British India Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Bank Line, Blue Funnel Line, N.Y.K. Line, Yamashita Line, Butterfield & Swire, Dodwell & Co., Ltd., P & O Line, Swedish East Asia Co., Ltd., and the great French firm, Messageries Maritimes, to name a few which maintain regular services to Red China.

Though our Government refuses to divulge what the volume of European-Chinese trade is, it seems safe to assume that these ships and these big steamship companies do not go all the way to China for fun. There must be business, and quite a bit of business at that.

American shippers wouldn't know about this, of course, because they haven't got a prayer of trading with Red China, and they are kept as ignorant as possible by our Government about what is actually going on there. Still, it is impossible to keep them completely in the dark. As a group, shippers travel a lot and entertain foreign visitors to this country. One way or another, they have gotten the notion that European government-sponsored trade missions have invaded China in force and have been negotiating successfully for large contracts with the Peking regime.

American businessmen on the West Coast, with traditionally strong trade ties with the Far East in general and China in particular, are fearful that our boycott policy may be losing us China trade for years and years to come. In fact, the damage may have been done already. Russia and her satellites had a built-in advantage in China when Mao Tse-tung and his comrades wrested the reins of government from the Nationalists and kicked Chiang Kai-shek and his boodlers out of the country. Now the Europeans seem to be invading China in force on the commercial front.

WHEN AND if America wakes up to the importance of China, both from a trade and diplomatic standpoint, what will be left but scraps? The validity of this fear will not be disputed by those who saw Germany sew up markets in underdeveloped parts of the world before World Wars I and II. In fact it has only been since 1939 that the Teutonic stranglehold on certain areas of Latin-American commerce has been broken.

The thing that the American Government has never understood, but which all imperial European countries have instinctively known, is that trade is a weapon which, if properly used, can be as potent as any devised by man. Great Britain's imperial foundations lay embedded in her traditional understanding of this fact of international geopolitics, and not in her armed forces. The Royal Navy was only an instrument of British mercantile interests, and Britain's true sea power was her merchant marine and not her Navy.

The Neanderthal wing of the Republican Party, which dictates our foreign policy in Asia, cried piteously when the Great General was hamstrung by orders not to cross the Yalu during the Korean War. But they themselves are crippling their

(*Continued on page 524*)

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Baudelaire Reconsidered

Alain Bosquet

BAUDELAIRE, because of the notorious trial in 1857 following the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, became a famous poet, but famous for the wrong reasons. In a France that was settling into a bourgeois way of life and addicted to parliamentarism, it was up to the official critics to make Baudelaire pass for a monster. They succeeded so well that even as late as 1914 a number of sixteen-year-old students were expelled from school for the sole crime of reading *Les Fleurs du Mal.* The French Republic, like the early Second Empire, was prudish to a degree that would have frightened Voltaire and even Louis XV. The conviction of Baudelaire on moral grounds established the principle that all poetry *must* be moral. The formalities were, of course, observed and circumstances extenuating to Baudelaire were found: he was a sick man, prematurely old, not well-balanced; he lived with a Negress, he detested his stepfather, and lacked all sense of dignity. Still more serious, however, is the fact that the legend emphasized these accusations, and it is paradoxical that it should have been Paul Verlaine, a highly talented poet, who made acceptable the ridiculous and pejorative notion of *"le poète maudit."* Poets were thus by definition damned; and therefore the official critics, whenever they found themselves confronted with a work they could not understand, placed the blame on the physical and mental defects of the poet, just as the well-meaning Zola explained his time in terms of alcoholism.

The twentieth century — doubtless because it is itself a little mad, a little hysterical — diverges more and more from the concept of the *maudit* that is so easily confused with the concept of profound poetry. The twentieth century also put aside any idea of the monstrous or the freakish as applied to poetry after Rimbaud (who remains beyond question for Americans the most undeniable poetic genius in the last hundred years, and who for the French is one of the two most revered saints in their history, the other being Jeanne d'Arc). We now prefer to regard the poet not as a lunatic, not as a sick man, not as a "seer" who has something of the prophet and something of the astrologer, but rather as a man of extraordinary mental balance (exceptions like Antonin Artaud merely prove the rule), a man who knows how to exploit with perfect lucidity whatever it is that chance (i.e., inspiration) may bring him. In short, for us a poet is a man who should be able to provide his readers with a certain amount of instinctive knowledge, rather than a magician who rules by terror, seductive as that terror may be.

IF WE ARE willing to reread Baudelaire in the light of these few simple principles, we see that he is in no way the unbalanced creature he has been made out to be. Even if his body was subject to atrocious suffering, even if his flesh was most spectacularly accursed, his mind remained to the end remarkably rigorous and lucid. He was the embodiment of intelligence, one of those tempered, farseeing intellects that resemble a Montaigne or a Bossuet. All things considered, his intelligence is his major virtue, for in spite of what has been claimed, he is not a great creator. He lacks *élan,* and indeed he is singularly lacking in madness. He never lets himself go to the point of euphoria, and he believes more in the need for self-analysis than in the endless need to translate feelings into works of art. It is enough to read his letters to see that his most insistent purpose is to *understand,* that emotion occupies only a secondary place.

This implacable analyst decided, therefore (his was a calculated decision, no mere surrender to some obscure, post-romantic urge), that *understanding* was not enough for an intelligent man, that self-analysis and the analysis of others are not enough to fill a man's life. Deliberately, calmly, with great effort, he made himself a creator. Natural aptitudes he certainly had, but fewer gifts, perhaps, and certainly less spontaneity than a Hugo, a Browning, a Vigny. He forced his intelligence to grow as he played this magnificent game; nevertheless it always remained a game — the incarnation of himself in a splendid work of art. For it was difficult for him truly to create; he wrote little, and he was comfortable only in those pages where his analytic faculty retained its control over the rest. This is true of *Le Spleen de Paris;* it is especially true of his writings on art. For let us make no mistake, Baudelaire's most enduring claim to fame is in never having been wrong about his contemporaries, whether poets or painters, novelists or sculptors. He is fundamentally the only Sainte-Beuve France has had, without Sainte-Beuve's monumental errors, without his shabby injustices.

What is important to us in 1958 is not that Baudelaire wrote some very beautiful poems (on the whole, Villon, Nerval, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Corbière, Apollinaire and Saint-John Perse are either more perfect or closer to what we call inspiration); it is that Baudelaire determined in a sure and definitive way the role of the poet and of poetry, both in society and in the entire realm of human activity, intellectual and emotional. No one has said *truer* things about poetry and the poet than he

ALAIN BOSQUET, French poet and novelist, is chief literary columnist for Combat *and writes regularly for other leading French critical journals. He has recently published a bilingual* Anthology of American Poetry *and has completed a book of essays on Walt Whitman.*

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or, if one prefers, no one has explained more clearly or in simpler terms what had been basically obscure, equivocal and approximate in the state of poetry. He took the naïveté out of poetry; he even took out the poetics so as to give it a meaning in which instinct and knowledge, the unexpected and the known, balance each other at all times, although, by definition, this balance must always remain hazardous. He has said, "The poet rejoices in that incomparable privilege of being himself or another person as he pleases. Like those wandering souls in search of a body, he enters, when he likes, into everyone's personality. For him alone everything is open; and if certain places seem closed to him it is because in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of exploring." Elsewhere he also says: "I find it futile and dull to picture what exists because nothing in existence satisfies me. Nature is ugly, and I prefer the monster of my imagination to the triviality of the actual. . . . Imagination is the queen of truth, and the *possible* is one of the provinces of truth. Imagination is related to the infinite in a positive way."

Passages like these still serve us as a breviary, for it is only thanks to his having written them that we have renounced the real crime of Greco-Latin civilization: the determination to reduce art, and particularly poetry, to a single, rational explanation. Since Baudelaire, we have known that poetry cannot be explained or, rather, that it can always be explained in six, ten or thirty different ways, and that all these ways are contradictory. Indeed, in this same period, and using the same word *possible*, didn't Emily Dickinson say, "I dwell in Possibility, / A fairer house than prose"?

Thanks to the luminous intelligence and the exceptional intellectual mastery of Baudelaire we know the extent to which poetry must be a mystery—something to be approached, encircled, besieged, but remaining forever a mystery. Thanks to him, too, poetry seems to us rich only according to the number of disagreements it engenders, whereas formerly we believed in it only if a definite agreement about its meaning had been reached. Since Baudelaire, only one other poet has helped persuade us that poetry is "irreducible"—a poet who, like Baudelaire, was an *amateur* of thought and philosophy: Paul Valéry.

We must see in Baudelaire a man who freed poetry from the lies and the fogs that true poets like Rimbaud made all the denser. This means that in his soul Baudelaire was not a true poet; like Valéry he was a complete man who trained his sensibility by means of poetry. He succeeded as a poet only insofar as he tricked his own lucidity; he succeeded as a poet only by exaggerating his morbid side and by carrying a purely verbal cruelty to the point of utter darkness.

Fortune's Mist

The mists of fortune
Blow with wayward cadence
Within imagination
Making chaos into sense.

Man dreams his tribulations
Strict and articulate,
As Lincoln by a fire
Wrote history on a slate.

If not by absolutes,
At least by artifice
We cast our devils out
To seek an angel's face.

Strength in the hand and mind
Holds to the central doom,
Working reality
In coping with a tomb.

But for imagination's power
Shaping the unseen
Fortune annihilates us
As if we had never been.

A heavy head of snow
Tumbling from a hedge
Is March's triumph; its revision
Is the poet's pledge.

Art gains in time
For it was deep in mind,
That rounded the waters,
And shaped the wind.

RICHARD EBERHART

The Image for Our Age

BAUDELAIRE. By Enid Starkie. New Directions. 622 pp. $10.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF BAUDELAIRE'S LES FLEURS DU MAL. By W. T. Bandy, Paul Engle, Ralph Freedman, Donald Justice, Henri Peyre, Marcel A. Ruff, Roger Shattuck. University of Texas Press. 59 pp. $2.

Margaret Gilman

RARELY has a centenary been celebrated with as great fervor, both in France and abroad, as that of the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal.* The shocked and uncomprehending criticism that greeted its first appearance has given way to a concert of admiration in which these two books join.

Dr. Starkie's *Baudelaire* is a revised and enlarged edition of a book first published in 1933. She has incorporated the sizable amount of biographical information that has come to light since that time; she is thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere in which Baudelaire lived, the circles in which he moved; and she treats with impartiality and understanding the other characters in the tragedy of his life, to whom unmitigated villains' roles have often been assigned by previous biographers. Except for minor errors and a regrettable number of mistranscribed quotations and jumbled footnotes, the book is, on the factual side, the most thorough and generally reliable biography of Baudelaire yet written.

On the aspect of the book stressed by the author, the "biography of Baudelaire's inner personality," there can hardly fail to be differences of opinion. Dr. Starkie's position, unchanged since the first edition of her book, is that Baudelaire was a "rare and noble human being," who, after a rebellious youth, became more and more preoccupied with spiritual and moral values. In plotting this development she makes constant use of Baudelaire's poetry, as well as of his correspondence and other documents. His poems—we have his own word for it—are indeed forged out of his inmost experience. But in using them as sources for biography one encounters a major difficulty: a large number of them cannot be dated with any de-

MARGARET GILMAN sent us this review a few days before her sudden death on May 27. Dr. Gilman was chairman of the French department at Bryn Mawr College. She was author of Baudelaire the Critic *and* Othello in French; *her* Idea of Poetry *will be published by the Harvard University Press.*

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gree of precision. Dr. Starkie tends all too easily to fit poems into her pre-established pattern, then to use them as evidence for it, thus involving herself in a circular argument. The pattern is, I believe, a more complex and chequered one. Baudelaire's preoccupation with spiritual values was certainly greater towards the end of his life than in his youth. But there was no continuous progress; he was perpetually torn between God and Satan, between Ideal and Spleen. His weaknesses and failures as a human being were many; his greatness lies in the inexorable lucidity with which he saw and judged himself, and in the magic by which he transformed the disorder and misery of his life into the order and beauty of his poetry.

EACH successive generation has created its own image of Baudelaire. The contemporary one is indeed Janus-faced. Some critics, such as Dr. Starkie and the French authority on Baudelaire whom she most admires, Marcel Ruff, see above all the face uplifted in aspiration to heaven; others are more conscious of the gaze fixed in horrorstruck fascination on the depths. But nearly all see in Baudelaire a mirror of modern man. This is the keynote of the addresses given at the centennial celebration of *Les Fleurs du Mal* at the State University of Iowa in 1957, now published with a foreword by Henri Peyre, who emphasizes this timeliness. Professor Peyre finds the first reason for it in the rich, psychological content of Baudelaire's poetry, his lucid vision of the tragic meaning of life; the second in his blend of romantic and classical virtues, conveyed through sensuous and musical suggestiveness.

As might be expected from a group of Baudelaire specialists, young critics and poets, the approaches in the different essays are varied. But, with the exception of W. T. Bandy's excellent article on the much debated question of Baudelaire's debt to Poe, all the writers are primarily concerned with his significance for our times. Three of them treat certain dominant themes in his work. Paul Engle, in "The Gulf is Always Thirsty," stresses Baudelaire's dedication to art: "He who could make no shape of his own career created one of the shapeliest works of art in modern times." It is unfortunate that Professor Engle, who sees so well the difference between the poet's life and his art, lapses at the end into an almost mawkish sentimentality over the pathetic last days and melancholy funeral of "this just, kind, generous poet," and concludes with words singularly inappropriate to a sworn enemy of direct didacticism in art: "We will then have no choice but to do what all of Baudelaire's poetry urges us to do: to become better."

A similar tendency is found in Marcel Ruff's discussion of "The Evil in the Flowers," in which he absolves Baudelaire of all but minor personal peccadillos (some of which may well seem to the reader, as they did to Baudelaire himself, dangerously close to more than one of the Seven Deadly Sins), and concludes that "his guilt is not personal since in his eyes it is only the consequence of original sin." Granting that the tragedy of evil is for Baudelaire the tragedy of all humanity, one is still tempted to ask why, if he felt no personal responsibility, should remorse and despair have so often overwhelmed him? Roger Shattuck, with more wisdom, looks straight at "Baudelaire's Corpse," admitting his failure as a man, and treating his unflinching vision of the theme of death in his poetry.

The two poets who contribute to the volume are concerned with questions of poetic experience and creation. Donald Justice takes up a problem that has what seems to me a dubious fascination for many contemporary critics, that of sincerity in art. He wisely refuses to identify poetic sincerity with the idea of an equation between the life and the work. But he goes on to define sincerity in art as "saying what the form obliges you to say regardless of whether or not you believe it." Aside from questioning the premise implicit here, that form is the point of departure for the poet, one cannot help wondering whether this means anything more than the truism that in great art there is a perfect coincidence of content and form. Thus a good poet is sincere, a bad one insincere?

The other poet, Ralph Freedman, treats a similar problem, with what I find a more satisfactory approach, in "Poet and Mask." He studies the drama in *Les Fleurs du Mal,* the conflict of self and world, raised to the level of the ideal, through which the poet finds the detachment he needs, and concludes: "it is this internal drama and this aesthetic distance which have made Baudelaire so very important to us today." Of all the essays, this one seems to me to shed most light on the tensions and polarities in his work.

Studies of his life and personality, of the major themes of his work, of his poetic creed, are indeed of interest. To suggest that the content of a work is unimportant would be to play Baudelaire false; he himself wrote that he could never consider the choice of subject a matter of indifference, that it is part of the artist's genius and part of the reader's pleasure. But only when content is crystallized by the poet's *"sorcellerie évocatoire"* into perfect form does it become *"cet ardent sanglot qui roule d'âge en âge."* To feel this enchantment fully the reader must turn back from the critics to *Les Fleurs du Mal* themselves.

James Branch Cabell: 1879-1958

Edmund Wilson

I DO NOT know how many people will feel a special sense of loss at the death of James Branch Cabell. His old friends and admirers certainly will, but since the twenties he seems to have had few new readers. I myself rather scorned him in the twenties and came to be interested in him only much later. I published two years ago a long article about his work in the *New Yorker,* so I shall not here go over that ground again. But I may add that, since writing that article, the more I have thought about *Figures of Earth* — and its sequel *The Silver Stallion* — the more remarkable they have come to seem. Looking back, one can now understand the abrupt fluctuations of Cabell's fame. He began, in the early nineteen hundreds, as a writer of romantic short stories for the respectable magazines, but he put into them a tinge of irony which prevented them from being popular. He then gradually developed an ironic vein which gets its first clear and bold statement in *Jurgen,* published on the eve of the twenties, when its criticism of old-fashioned religion and nineteenth-century morality made it particularly welcome to the young. The book was gay as well as naughty, and the reader found it exhilarating to identify himself with the hero. But when Jurgen was followed by Manuel, this public was disappointed. It was not prepared

EDMUND WILSON's latest book is The American Earthquake.

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for anything at once so bitter and with so little apparent bearing on contemporary life. Published when Cabell was forty-two, the chronicle of Manuel the Redeemer was not a book for the young nor was it a book in the mood of the twenties. The story of the ambitious man of action who is cowardly, malignant and treacherous and who does not even like very much what his crimes and double-dealing have won him, but who is rapidly, after his death, transformed into a great leader, a public benefactor and a saint, has the fatal disadvantage for a novel that the reader finds no inducement to identify himself with the central figure. Yet I am now not sure that this merciless chronicle in which all the values are negative save the naked human will, is not one of the best things of its kind in literature—on a plane, perhaps, with Flaubert and Swift.

Something about Eve was almost equally bitter, and also not for the young. By the time of the admirable *Nightmare* trilogy (*Smirt-Smith-Smire*), a somewhat more genial work, we were plunged in the turbulent thirties and, preoccupied with rescuing society, unprepared to pursue a dream-fantasy which though quite close at moments to *Finnegans Wake* was not at all of the school of Joyce. I had not at the time I wrote my article read the novels that follow the *Nightmare*: *The King Was in His Counting House, Hamlet Had an Uncle, The First Gentleman of America, There Were Two Pirates* and *The Devil's Own Dear Son*, which really constitute a group in themselves. The two that take place in Florida have their amusing or magical moments; but in general these stories are marked by a development, which becomes disagreeable, of the misanthropic sadism which was already a feature of the earlier work. *Hamlet Had an Uncle* especially is not merely inferior Cabell, it is also deliberately atrocious, the ugliest of all Cabell's works, and the atrocity here seems rather pointless. Hamlet and his uncle and the rest do not have the larger human implications of Manuel the Redeemer.

What, one wonders, at the time he was writing these books, had made Cabell's imagination so black? His non-fiction writings of his later years do not have this sinister quality, though one feels that he is bored by and chafes at the social and intellectual vacuum which Richmond seems to have become for him. He is also less in touch with the rest of the world, for the excitement of the twenties is long over, the literary friends of his own generation are either dead or inactive in retirement, while Cabell still survives and is active. One feels that a certain petulance is due partly to a lack of diversion, a cutting-off of communication. Aside from writing his memoirs—*These Restless Heads, Let Me Lie, As I Remember It*, the best of these later books—he seems to have little to occupy him but fretting about the neglect of his work and concocting too elaborate sarcasms about the people who pay him silly compliments or who write him stupid letters. Yet in this peevishness there is much of self-irony, and what is strong in him is a certain stoicism. In the letters I occasionally had from him, he always referred to the ailments which must have been making his life a misery—he had had a heart attack and was not allowed to climb the stairs to his study — in a characteristically detached and humorous way. "Meanwhile," he wrote me last December, "I disintegrate with a variety that I find interesting. My latest and my most damnable acquirement in the form of maladies is arthritis, which since July has left me unable to get into a pair of shoes, and but hardly able to hobble about my own home with a cane's aid. So that leaves you at liberty to go ahead with a definite estimate of my career in letters since there now quite obviously is not going to be any more of it."

THE THEME in Cabell's writings which I have always found it most difficult to sympathize with is that of his persistent nostalgia for the ideal beautiful women of his adolescent imaginings. Yet this has its historical interest as a survival of the romantic and chivalrous dream that so dominated the Southern mind. The whole philosophy of Cabell, in fact, of the dream's being preferable to reality, is deeply involved with the history of the South. And his bitterness is the bitterness of the South at having had this dream proved a fiction, and then somehow having had still to live on it. The dignity of his life and work was also the dignity of the South in continuing to maintain its attitude. His career commands special respect by reason of the courage and consistency with which he pursued his work. In a period particularly unfavorable for any high standard of excellence, he developed a style that was sure to annoy, a point of view that was sure to outrage his own generation; then later when his vogue with the young had lapsed, he continued for decades producing books that not only made no bid to recapture his audience but, becoming, as it were, more and more solipsistic, were calculated to discourage his publishers. I imagine that his steadfastness and self-respect will be more conspicuous to the future—in the history of our literature, which exhibits so many examples of acquiescence in mediocrity, of disaster and diversion of purpose—than it has recently been to us. In the meantime, his preciosity, so much out of fashion now, ought not to prevent one from recognizing his accomplished skill as a writer; nor the occasional coyness of his ribaldry, the mordancy of his restless inquiry into the meaning of his own life, the life of his section and the processes of human history.

College Walk, Postwar

We walk the hill.
The café atmosphere
Of important smoky talk
Surrounds us still.

Young April night
Succulent and warm
(suggestive of personal intent)
Is all our light.

We talk of war—
(which made me old
and from my pretty girl
took me too far).

Late winter rain,
Though she can't feel it,
Beats on me again, and now
Is my love's bane.

DONALD FALL

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ART

Maurice Grosser

Paris

IN PARIS, walking is still a delight. The large, easy perspectives of bridges, trees and fountains bathe in a palpable, submarine air, as visible as water in an aquarium. It is not surprising that a city so pleasant to the eye should be addicted to the visual arts. If in New York everyone talks music, in Paris everyone talks painting. And in the fresh spring weather, along with lilacs and chestnuts, bloom everywhere bright posters announcing new exhibitions.

The show of a hundred paintings by Modigliani at the Charpentier Gallery is the most popular. Only at our Modern Museum have I seen such crowds. The entry is 400 francs, almost a dollar, and one must wait in line. To my taste the pictures are not worth the scramble. One hundred is too many. They lack variety. Almost all are portraits, full face, with the same linear stylization, the necks and heads elongated, the eyeballs black as if the pupils were enormously enlarged, the mouths pursed. In spite of their great tenderness and their airy and nacreous color—derived, so intelligently, from the paint surface of Cézanne — the Modiglianis have something of the slick and uniform professionalism of the café painting of Montparnasse. One thinks of him as a more sensitive and warmer-hearted Kisling. Modigliani's great popularity is easy to understand: his subject matter is humanly touching; his pictures are impossible to mistake, and the romantic irregularity of his life would seem to confirm his genius. We may soon expect a movie.

UNIVERSALLY, and justly admired are the 143 paintings and objects loaned by the Japanese Government to the Musée Nationale de l'Art Moderne and illustrating the history of Japanese art from prehistoric times till now. Both in the quality of the works and in the manner of their display, this is the finest exhibition of exotic art it has ever been my pleasure to see.

If one is accustomed to think of Japanese art as the most stylized of the Oriental traditions, the show is a great surprise. The thirteenth-century pieces are particularly expressive and varied—two statues, for example, of celestial messengers, a young man and an old woman, whose attitudes announce without possibility of mistake their characters, their caste and the quality of news they bring; or the wonderful

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scrolls of animals playing at being people, of the many nerve-racking discomforts of Hell, of prophets, monks and poets undergoing their adventures in dramatic or civilized landscapes. But there is also the more spontaneous painting of the Zen monks and masters of the next two centuries; an extraordinary panel by the fifteenth-century Hasegawa Tohaku of pines progressively disappearing behind a curtain of rain; and a seventeenth-century screen describing the arrival of a Portuguese ship, the landing of its commander accompanied by his attendants, parasol and slave, and his reception by the resident Jesuits. The collection, probably the handsomest ever seen outside Japan, is subsequently to be shown in London, The Hague and Rome, but alas, not in America.

The Guggenheim collection of abstract art from New York shown, appropriately enough, at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, is also being well and seriously received. Presenting the history of abstract art, it begins in 1895 with a charming Rousseau and a magnificent Cézanne portrait—neither of which could by any stretch of the imagination be called abstract—goes on through the Cubists, with fine examples of Kandinsky and Chagall, to end with a brilliant and well chosen display of present-day Action painters, both European and American. The framing of the show is effective and ingenious. A heavy bar of aluminum, an inch deep and a quarter of an inch thick, has been bent to enclose each canvas—an invention at the same time rich, unobtrusive and becoming to all the pictures.

THE great show of seventeenth-century French painting at the Petit Palais is little liked. It is claimed that the pictures, principally from provincial museums, were not well selected. At any rate the work displayed seems cold, official and suprisingly Italianate. The oasis in this desert is the group by Georges de la Tour, most of which have not been shown before in Paris—pictures of people by night, illuminated by a single torch or candle. Sometimes the flame is hidden by an arm or hand and one sees the light outlining the sleeve or shining red through the interstices of the fingers—a woman consoling a naked prisoner; St. John dozing, the announcing angel painted as a serious and well-dressed little girl; two women tending by candle light a swaddled newborn child; a woman in chemise, crushing between her nails a flea. The colors of all the pictures are the same—rich harmonies of pale yellow, black, vermilion and brown, in complex chiaroscuro. The paint texture has the smooth irregularity of old pottery. The pictures are grave, restrained and moving, at the same time homely and elegant in a way that is particularly French.

Across the street in the dusty car-barn that is the Grand Palais, in its miles and miles of dingy halls, hang the miles and miles of pictures that make up the Salon des Peintres Independents. In this exposition without jury one expects to find only two sorts of painters—the amateur and unprofessional, and the young who hope here to be discovered. But there is everything else as well, from the best to the worst, from the most abstruse to the most trite—so much that the eye finds no place to rest and nothing it can remember. One notices only that there is less abstraction than would be found in a similar American exhibition. The show is impossible to review, impossible even to see. But its very mass demonstrates the devotion of the French to painting and the amazing fertility of the soil from which French painting springs.

In the ground-floor halls, the day I was there, were ranged the thousands of canvases turned down by the jury of the coming Salon du Printemps. And as I left I witnessed a touching scene, impossible outside of France—an elderly and beautiful painter, in black, supported by his cane and his tiny wife, and carrying with dignity under his arm a brown paper parcel containing his rejected picture.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London.

IN LESS than three weeks, I saw twelve productions here, only to rediscover the wonder of the Moscow Art Theatre. The famous company, now celebrating its diamond jubilee (it was founded in 1898) and making calls on the great capitals of Europe, opened its London season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on May 15. Its repertory for this tour consists of four plays—three of them by Chekhov—and one contemporary Soviet play. I saw *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters.*

Many recent visitors to Moscow report a deterioration in the vitality of theatre production there. Although the caliber of the individual actors I saw in the two Chekhov plays was not up to the measure of such members of the original company as Katchalov, Moskvin, Leonidoff and Stanislavsky, I could discern nothing in the present performance which gave evidence of any deterioration. There was, in fact, an awe-inspiring mastery.

Here was theatre wrought with such a degree of discipline and dedication that it made productions elsewhere seem crude by comparison. I am not particularly sentimental, but I frequently found myself on the verge of tears during the playing of *The Cherry Orchard,* not alone due to the effect of the play's tenderness but to the fineness of the production's atmosphere and tone.

An extraordinary unity is the first

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characteristic which strikes the spectator. Each actor seems organically related to the others—and all are of a piece, though each has his own timbre as do the instruments of an orchestra. They appear to be the very stuff of Chekhov's plays.

The actors speak very quietly throughout, though they are always audible. The tempo is leisurely and natural. There is never the strain of a forced projection, yet we never feel that the show is "slow." Only at the end of the evening did I observe that, whereas in ordinary performances it takes two and a half hours to play *The Cherry Orchard*, the Moscow Art Theatre production took nearly four.

The performance never lags because the actors' complete concentration and absorption in the events of the play create an unbroken tissue of life, a moment-by-moment truth and meaning. We are all present within an experience in which every second is enrichingly human. We are not in a hurry "to get on with it," any more than the actors, for we, too, are living in and appreciating Chekhov's loving world.

IT IS still commonplace for many of our critics to indulge in saying that Chekhov is the dramatist of "frustration"—a word beloved among our own frustrated folk. But if it were not already clear through the plays' texts that it is stupid to speak of "frustration" in regard to people instinct with community of feeling, kindness, love of nature, yearning for a better life and an abiding sense of the preciousness of every second of experience, the Moscow Art Theatre's production makes it abundantly evident.

Chekhov's people suffer because they are so wholly human, and this suffering is significant. Chekhov, moreover, is always saved from bathos by his capacity for humorous detachment. This is a realism with no trace of meanness or coldness of heart. If Chekhov's characters rarely attain their ideals, the fault, we are led to understand, is not altogether in the people. What is more important is that the ideals themselves are so deeply rooted in fundamental human need that they make the people positive, ultimately hopeful characters, even in defeat. In many of our "optimistic" or "affirmative" plays, the characters' aims and ideals are either shabby or ludicrously empty of any general interest.

What is unexpected about the new productions of the Moscow Art Theatre is that their realism is much more "subdued" than that of the original company. Stanislavsky, who acted in and supervised the first production, the "father" and symbol of modern theatre realism, was, it seems to me, far closer to the theatre theatrical, the theatre of an older tradition, than are his present heirs. And this holds true, I believe, not only of Stanislavsky himself but of the company he directed.

The older actors seemed to possess a more precise sense of individuality, a sharper talent for graphic characterization, a keener feeling for details of make-up, stage business, color and vocal grandeur, greater boldness in portraiture, a certain largeness of stroke with an affinity, paradoxically enough, to the theatre of great "stars." There was always the guiding principle of teamwork, of unity and ensemble, yet each actor somehow stood out, while at present, each actor seems to disappear in the whole. One feels, though this may not be literally true, that the present directors have molded each member of the company perfectly into the pattern of the production, but the actors have not been encouraged—and may not even desire—to invent or discover much on their own.

Let me cite a tiny example. In the scene of the fourth act of *The Cherry Orchard* when Gaev realizes that he and his sister are finally to take leave of their home and of each other forever, the present Gaev simply murmurs, "Sister, sister!" embraces her and turns sobbing against the wall. It is touching, no doubt, but without much nuance. When Stanislavsky played the scene, one observed that he was trying very hard to suppress his tears, his face turned crimson with the effort, he began to grope for a handkerchief which he never managed to find, and the sobs gushed forth, the sound of which he tried to bury by covering his mouth with his hand. The effect was not only memorably affecting but retained in its pathos the special ineptitude of Gaev's character.

I DO NOT point out this contrast in style to praise one or to depreciate the other but to note a distinct difference. How conscious this is, I cannot say. It may be a matter of different generations, an altered social and artistic outlook. Oddly enough, it strikes me that the older generation—Stanislavsky's and Chekhov's—besides being more "theatrical" was also more analytic and more critical. Its performance was at once fuller in emotion and observation and less idealized, less "ennobled," than the present generation's interpretation. In my view, the earlier production was more arrestingly creative, the present one more polished.

In neither case are the results the accident of genius. Such consummate theatre as the productions of both generations represents can arise only from the special condition which the Moscow Art Theatre established. These are permanent companies, the actors do not play these plays eight times a week, none of the players appears at every single performance, rehearsal time may be as long as four months for a play, when a play or production fails, the company does not disband. The company has its own theatre; their jobs are never in jeopardy, except for incompetence or insubordination. The technical staff is permanent, etc.

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(Continued from page 516)

country's natural powers even more severely with the current China boycott policy, for they are denying a great commercial economy its only effective commercial weapon.

The United States' policy in Asia is one of containment, but it won't "contain" communism any more than the Maginot Line "contained" Hitler. And for the same reason: a containment policy, military or economic, can and will be flanked. It gives to the opponent the choice of weapons, time and battleground. Such an advantage, which men have fought wars to gain, the United States is giving away just as casually as Mr. Dulles kisses off 600,000,000 Chinese for all time.

THERE is only one way to keep all Asia out of the Communist orbit. That way is to work the balance-of-power policy as England did for so many years. This would entail playing off China again the USSR, since they are the two largest powers in Asia today. We must break up their combinations, encourage friction between them, throw their timing off and, ultimately, break China loose from the economic shackles binding her to the Soviet Union.

In this kind of diplomacy, trade is a prime weapon. The fact that Washington is blind must not obscure the obvious facts to thinking men, and cardinal among these are two which we should regard as pole stars in guiding Asian policy: (1) Karl Marx is not an aggressor, but Muscovite imperialism has been for hundreds of years, and it remains the aggressor today; (2) China is an old, old country that was throwing its weight about in Asia for centuries before Moscow even existed, and the Chinese traditionally have looked down upon their northern neighbors.

There is a long and treacherous path ahead for the United States in world politics, and the sooner we settle down for the long pull in Asia, and stop acting as though the current ruling clique in China is going to dry up miraculously and blow away, the sooner we will start making headway against the riptides of Sino-Russian imperialism in the Orient.

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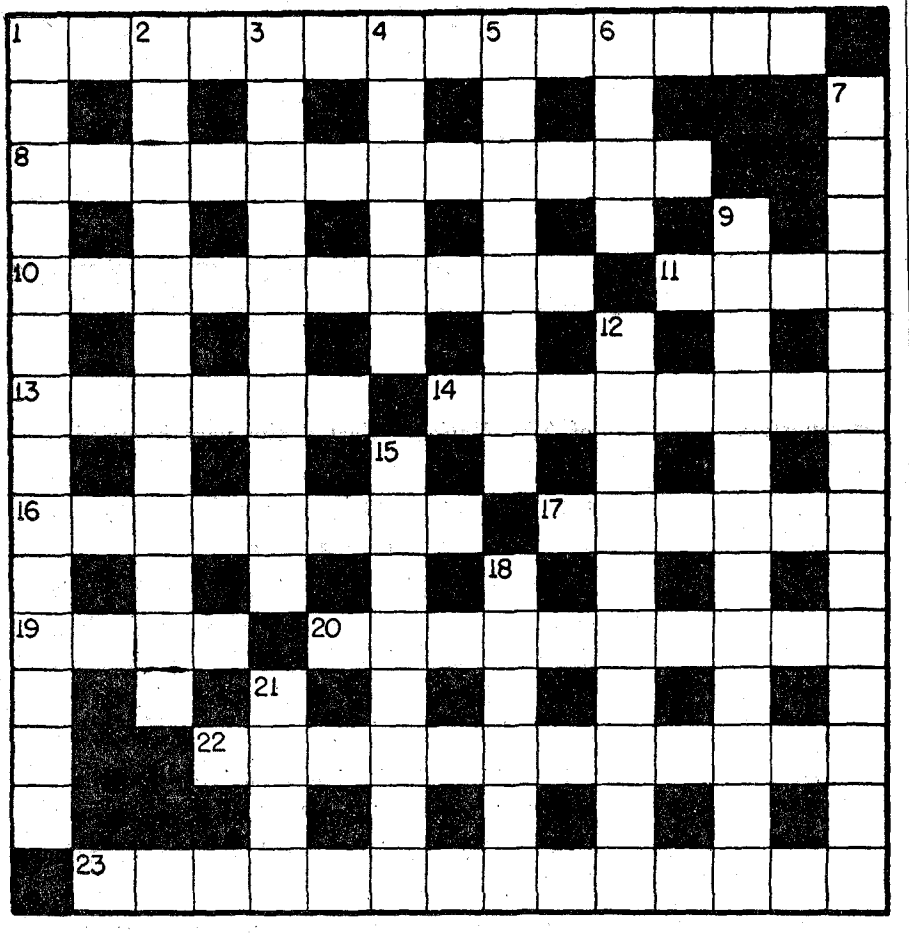
Crossword Puzzle No. 775

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Big-shot directors? Their turn might come with a swing to the right. (8, 6)
8 A quick tour of the diocesan center? (3, 2, 1, 6)
10 Taking up a new residence is certainly a tiring game! (10)
11 It's painful in the first year. (4)
13 Dispute colloquially. (6)
14 In taking passage one might make them. (8)
16 The course of low temperature?
17 Ante up! It's one of the things the underpaid receive. (6)
19 Would you find tossed salad or broken rules as boring as these? (4)
20 On the whole, the leading voice seems to possess the girl! (10)
22 What one can't expect to find on a crowded highway! (7, 5)
23 They've married again, according to the reading of the studio gas meter. (14)

DOWN:

1 In a taxonomic manner? (The orderly has a confrere, evidently.) (14)
2 Smoothing things out for the campanologist's "Angelus"? (7, 5)
3 Certainly not one way to bring back the meal! (6, 4)
4 Things that follow after 2? (6)
5 There seems to be some question about the following. (4, 4)
6 The Walrus was concerned about giving a hand to this. (4)
7 The extra actor comes down to fix a routine procedure like climbing, and gets more than all wet! (14)
9 Walk on air? (4, 2, 3, 3)
12 Wax war? A matter of muscular co-ordination. (10)
15 Makes a collection of something. (Pages, perhaps?) (5, 3)
18 Look at the flank, to describe Grey's herd. (6)
21 What a pony might do for a pony? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 774

Across: 1 TEN-PENNY NAILS; 9 RIVED; 10 LEGISLATE; 11 ARRAIGN; 12 TORRENT; 13 NOOSE; 14 CLASSICAL; 16 OBEISANCE; 18 PATIO; 19 NURSERY; 21 AIRSHIP; 22 TRAIN FARE; 23 BLEAT; 24 TEMPERAMENTAL. Down: 1 TERRA INCOGNITA; 2 NEVERMORE; 3 ENDWISE; 4 NYLON; 5 NEGOTIATE; 6 INSURES; 7 SPARE; 8 MENTAL HOSPITAL; 14 CANDY CANE; 15 CATCHMENT; 17 STERNUM; 18 PARABLE; 20 ROAST; 21 ARENA.

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>
> —*Herald Tribune* (New York)

Mr. Werth's editorial comments on the Paris-Algiers crisis in the two preceding issues of *The Nation* reflected the vast knowledge and "courageous honesty" for which he is noted. Other pieces by him will appear soon.

* * *

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